Body: a reddie fic by bbwriter

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Summary: A Reddie oneshot inspired by the song Body by Leon. Rated T for language and the fact it's a fanfiction about a murder clown.

Body: a reddie fic

Eddie Kasprak was currently having an asthma attack. Eddie doesn't have asthma, at least not according to his doctor. His wife, and his mother, on the other hand believe otherwise. It was in fact Eddie's wife that had him in his current worked up state. The usually sweet and somewhat submissive Eddie had gone against his wife Myra's wishes and borrowed a town car from his immensely successful chauffeur business, and left to visit his hometown of Derry, Maine.

"Dear god, where is it?" Eddie mumbled to himself as he searched his person for his trusty inhaler. Trying his best to keep his eyes on the long stretch of highway before him.

A quick fumble in the center console resulted in a few quick puffs on his inhaler, which he then tucked into the breast pocket of the shirt he was wearing. As Eddie settled back into driving after his "asthma" attack he realized he currently only knew two things about Derry to be true. A great danger awaited him there, and that he would find something he thought he had lost a long time ago.

While sitting in that car Eddie kept thinking to himself about how he felt as though he was returning home. Or maybe as if he had been sleeping for a long time and just woken up. Or maybe a fog had been lifted. The more Eddie thought about it the more flustered he became. Eddie wasn't the best with words, or places. As it seemed he couldn't remember where exactly he was looking forward to going.

In an airport not very far from where Eddie was driving at that exact moment Richie Tozier was departing from his plane, and picking up his rental car. Richie flipped down the sunvisor to check his hair, and instead found himself focused on the bright blue eyes staring back at him. For the entirety of his childhood Richie had found himself wearing the most ridiculously oversized "goggles" he would say. Putting on one of his now famous voices:

"You do see ole' chap," croned the velvety voice of a british man from Richie's mouth, "these here glasses may be the size of the queen's fanny, but I do say, I rather need them to see."

Richie smiled at himself in the little mirror, and started on his way towards Derry. Richie likes to think he's brave. He really isn't any braver than anyone else, but he is better at hiding his fears, usually through his humor. It was this humor that had actually gotten him famous in the first place. He started doing radio talk shows, imitating different voices so it seemed as though there were four different people in the room all having a conversation. Instead of just Richie himself alone in a room. He wouldn't admit it to anyone, but those days had been really lonely, and sometimes he would create characters just to talk to. His favorite was a man about his age, who didn't speak much differently than him, but always seemed overly concerned that Richie would catch a cold in the cool air conditioning in his studio. After catching his big break Richie no longer needed this persona to keep him company, but he misses him all the same. On some days Richie even thought he was more of a memory than a created persona, but he couldn't remember of who.

"15 miles to Derry." Read the sign up on Eddie's left. Seeing the name of this town was enough for Eddie to need his inhaler, again. As he was getting closer more and more of the memories from his childhood resurfaced. There was Stan, Big Bill, and Bev and Ben, and of course Mike. Mike Hanlon, who had called him and told him that the fucking murderous clown was back. Eddie knew he was forgetting someone else too. Someone important, really important. But the only memories he could recall of this person were a pair of oversized glasses and the phrase "beep beep." Whatever that meant.

Richie had just sped past a sign, it probably had something important on it but he didn't care. Richie knew he was in no rush to get to Derry, fucking clowns and werewolves and lumberjacks. At this thought a cold rush went through his spine, followed a vague memory of running toward a clothing store, with loud footsteps behind him. His heart sped up, and his foot released slightly from the gas pedal.

"No," Richie thought, "think of what else you are running too."

His foot readjusted on the pedal, and he watched his speedometer race. The speed of the car reminded him of riding his bike as a kid, and racing as fast as he could. Of course his speed didn't quite last long, as he had to frequently stop to let someone… a name he

couldn't remember, and a face he couldn't quite place. Spaghetti? No, what kind of abusive fuck would name their kid spaghetti. But Richie recalled stopping to let this poor SOB suck on his inhaler. Whoever this kid was, he must have been important, because despite not remembering his name, or his face, just his memory made Richie floor it. Racing towards the town that housed his nightmares.

Eddie slowly pulled into the parking lot of the restaurant mike had asked them to meet at. Eddie wasn't sure if he was the first person there, or if he had arrived last. Something, call it fate, or the will of a murderous clown, told him to wait outside his car. Eddie barely had time to take in the surroundings of the old town he knew so well before a red sports car skidded into a spot near him.

Richie got out of his car, and saw a small curly haired man fumble with an inhaler. All of a sudden his heart stopped as memories of his Eddie Spaghetti came flooding back to him. Hours fighting over video games, nonsensical "your mom" jokes, holding his hand through anxiety attacks, signing his cast after his arm broke… After all if this time forgetting the most important person in the world, Eddie was standing practically right in front of him. Richie fumbled for his glasses, terrified he might not be recognized without them.

Eddie watched as the driver of the car frantically searched for something. He guessed it was his wallet, what an idiot. He seemed like the kind of man who would forget something important like that. But when the man's head popped back out of the car, and his black hair messier and curlier than before, and Eddie saw the glasses perched on his nose did he realize it was his Trashmouth.

Richie looked up from putting his glasses on, and saw Eddie staring at him. Despite all of his instincts, and the many years of maturing he had done, Richie couldn't help himself.

"If it isn't Eddie spaghetti!" He called, begging the universe to let Eddie remember him.

"Beep beep, Richie!" Eddie called back, his heart in his throat and his hand fumbling for his inhaler. Richie's face lit up like their old tv as he came strolling over, each of his steps towards Eddie getting faster. All the while Eddie sucked on his inhaler.

When Richie reached Eddie he grabbed his face between his hands, and kissed him right on the nose. Eddie's face was immediately a deep shade of pink and turning redder by the second.

"Hiya, Eds." Richie whispered, his face beaming down at the smaller man in front of him. So much love and care radiating off of him. It was then that Eddie realized this was the home he was coming back to. That Richie was the reason he couldn't remember where he felt the most safe. Because it wasn't a question of where at all, it had been a question of who. Eddie smiled back up at Richie, a tear forming in his eye, "You know I hate when you call me that."